

The Tragedy of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and doud his close, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,
(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sunne
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse
but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother
shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile,
Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Laides: God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder keepe himselfe in cloudes

And wants not buzzers to infect his
With pestilent speeches of his fathers
Wherein necessity of matter begger
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrude*
Like to a murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

Enter a messenger

King. Attend, where are my Swi
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord
The Ocean ouer-peering of his life.
Eates not the flats with more imper
Then young *Laertes* in a motous he
Ore-bears your Officers: the rabbb
And as the world were now but to
Antiquity forgot, custome not know
The sacrificers and props of euery wo
The cry choole we, *Laertes* shall be
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King

Que. How cheerefully on the fal
O this is counter, you false Danish

Enter Laertes

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the
Giue me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats
Cries cuckold to my father, brands
Euen heere betweene the chaff vn
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant

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